

**How it Feels
to be
Colored Me**

**Zora
Neale
Hurstun**

How It Feels to Be Colored Me

By

Zora Neale Hurston

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But I am not tragically colored. There is no great sorrow dammed up in my soul, nor lurking behind my eyes. I do not mind at all. I do not belong to the sobbing school of Negrohood who hold that nature somehow has given them a lowdown dirty deal and whose feelings are all but about it. Even in the helter-skelter skirmish that is my life, I have seen that the world is to the strong regardless of a little pigmentation more or less. No, I do not weep at the world—I am too busy sharpening my oyster knife.

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For instance at Barnard. "Beside the waters of the Hudson" I feel my race. Among the thousand white persons, I am a dark rock surged upon, and overswept, but through it all, I remain myself. When covered by the waters, I am; and the ebb but reveals me again.

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of things too heavy for any nail, a dried flower or two still a little fragrant. In your hand is the brown bag. On the ground before you is the jumble it held—so much like the jumble in the bags could they be emptied that all might be dumped in a single heap and the bags refilled without altering the content of any greatly. A bit of colored glass more or less would not matter. Perhaps that is how the Great Stuffer of Bags filled them in the first place—who knows?

DEC 20 1927

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Twenty-five Cents a Copy

Two Dollars a Year

Vol. XI.

JANUARY, 1928

No. 1



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52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.



The World Tomorrow

Vol. XI May, 1928 No. 5

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Published the first day of each month at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, by THE WORLD TOMORROW, INC.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Single copies, 25 cents; \$2 per year; Canada, \$2.25; foreign, \$2.50. Claims for missing subscriptions and all correspondence should be sent to THE WORLD TOMORROW, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City. British representative, Edgar Dunstan, 11 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. Annual Subscriptions, 10s. post free. Entered as Second Class Matter, Sept. 30, 1926, at the Post Office of New York, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Who's Who in This Issue

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by Anna Louise Strong

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by Charles W. Gilkey

Pacifism and International Sanctions,
by Kirby Page

Editorials, Not in the Headlines, Book Reviews, Clippings and Findings are regular sections of each issue.

fort, abortive though that first one proved to be. It is high time that someone in possession of the historic facts should accept the risk of being considered a "knocker," so significant to the peace movement as a whole is the American Peace Society's reversal with its added years.

The first essential for unity and co-operation is a spirit of mutual respect, frankness, and a decent regard for facts. A thoughtful examination of its journal and its literature, early as well as recent, raises serious doubt whether in these particulars the American Peace Society is either desirous, or capable, of friendly fellowship with other peace groups.

Its present excessive conservatism is not the issue. What is in question is its stubborn refusal to acknowledge its departure from the spirit and viewpoint which it professes to revere in its founders, yet which it con-

sistently belittles in contemporary peace groups of more radical views and more vigorous endeavor.

The importance of such a transformation is not slight. Many honest conservatives are led to endorse historic figures with which they have no real agreement; the early pioneers of peace are given a position which must make them rotate in their tombs; and the development of the peace movement in its historic and current inter-relations is distorted for the unsophisticated public.

In all of this there is food for thought, not only for those still devoted to the traditional career of this veteran society, but for those now radical as they study present policies in the light of what appears to be an almost universal concomitant of institutional old age.

Possibly the American Peace Society is not yet dead. But even that living death, senescent dotage, presents no happy spectacle.

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